BIRTHRIGHT

A Fascinating Romance of Society In Which a Poor Rich Girl Sponsors a Rich Poor Girl.

What Has Gone Before. Patricia Chesebrough, lovely daughter of an old, impoverished family, is forced to make her own way in the world. She has the entiree into society, her relatives stand for culture, wealth and exclusiveness. Into the city come the Paimers—nebodies—made millionaires by a patent medicine concoction. The father dies, leaving a rheumatic widow, a young, virile soh, and, a dawghter away at school. Mrs. Paimer asks Patricia to call at "The Castie" and her son, Dan, offers her \$300 a month to act as librarian, but really/to see that they enter society, and \$25,000 if Pansy marries the right man. Patricia, secretly engaged to Sidney Hutchison, a poor artist decides at first to scorn then to consider the offer.

By Kathleen Norris. uther of "Mother," "The Heart of Famous Stories.

had been unlike the radiant bethrothals of other girls It was kept secret all these years.
For Patricia's father was an invalid and Sidney was only a wretched restless clerk in his uncle's coffee and spice warehouse. 'He had gravitated between his mother's Eastern home and his own for some years. He seemed as unstable as he was unprosperous. But through Patricia's constant loyalty the interest of Con Hamilton had been enlisted, and presently the costatic Sidney had an attic studio and financial freedom for his work. Then Farchester began to know him for what he was, and began to appreciate his wild and unique charm. In the dull time of her life with Aunt Louise, and through all the hard times, Patricia's happiest hours had been spent in his company. The time came, three years ago now, when he must go to Paris, and for two years Farchester heard only echoes of his success. And he came back, and Patricia began to taste the reward of her faith and her waiting.
Only these two knew the joy of

their renewed friendship, the ex-quisite hours of music, of talk and of silence, they had shared. Still preserving their secret, they be-gan confidently to plan for the near future, when Sidney should have just a triffe more assured work ahead, and when Patricia should come to share the big studio with him, and step with him into the world of struggling, achieving and struggling anew for which she so longed. And then-out of a clear sky,

Helena! and Helen's problem Sidwas was rare; Helena was com-monplace. Sidney was generoùs; Helena was narrow and jealous. Sidney helped all the world; Helena would not even help herself. It was a deadlock. For two months the situation had beengrowing daily less and less endurable for them all. Helena was always sweet with Patricia, but never confidential or spontaneously friendly. She baffled Patricia, dis-They talked of Helena now, as

they walked. "She wants to go to New York," Sidney said despondently. "I swear I don't know what to do!"

Helena, it appeared, was in touch now with old friends who were shortly to play a short vaudeville engagement in Farchester, and they were anxious to have her take a small part with them, when they returned to New York for the season. One of Sidney's artist friends there had most opportunely offered him his studio. The question that Sidney and Patricia had been discussing for days was whether it would not be wiser for him to do. to establish himself and Helena, and then to have Patricia go to him to

be married in the spring.
"I can get started there as quickly as here," he argued, "and think
of the difference in the future! If I charge a hundred and fifty for a portrait here I can get five hundred

"New York," she mused. "I don't know, Sid-perhaps it would be wisest after all!" "It would mean that we could

snap our fingers at Deerbridge," he said thoughtfully. "Forever!" Patricia laughed at her own fervent tone. "It would

mean that I took the Palmer offer," she added. "I'll make hay while the sun shines. With you gone, and myself going, I can do anything

A BOTCH OF LIFE.

Suddenly and eager, they planned it. Not in years had their plans been so definite and so immediate. Heretofore, Patricia had silenced when talk of a fresh separation had seemed the reasonable suddenly brave for the sacrifice, and almost anxious to have the time of waiting and work begin. "I'll see if Helena likes these bosses." Sidney said, at the gate, "If she does, and they really engage her, then we'll plan to gond go now!

do-I do truly think that's the best way." Patricia conceded She was looking up in the dim light, and could see the protecting look she loved on his face.
"You're so—so decent, Pat." he said, "I wonder if I've been right

to hold you so all these years?"
"But i wanted to be held!" she reminded him. "Why, Sid," she added, tenderly, "have you got the blues tonight?"

"Horribly!" he answered gloom-ily. "I feel as if I'd make such a botch of life, and of yours! If I had it all to do over again, I'd take you with me to Paris, Pat. We might have starved, but we wouldn't have minded it!" 'No, we wouldn't have minded

it!" she echoed. And suddenly the autumn evening seemed sad and "Now we talk of more waiting!" he said, bitterly.

"The last!" A sigh followed the brave words. There was a little! "You think we ought to do it?" he said ending it.

"I am beginning to think so, Sid!" And for a moment they stood looking at each other keenly, tremendous things unsaid between them. Once her breast rose on quick breath, as if she would add something to what she had said, but the sentence died unborn. They had waited a long time, and fresh waiting was ahead. There was nothing to say.

REMINISCENCES. Suddenly Patricia found herself close to tears. Her eyes were filling, her mouth unsteady. She gave him a quick pressure of small gloved hands, and a shaken smile. The gate clicked, and the doorway of the boarding house showed her slender figure for a second, silhouetted against a faint hall light.

Then the door closed. In the warm and odorous hall the girl hesitated. Dinner, with a great clicking of plates, was in progress below stairs. But Patricia was not hungry, and she slowly and wearily climbed the two flights to her own room.

It was a small room, shabby and crowded. The walls wore a vague, flowery paper, the curtains were limp. There was a wide couch with a Bagdad tapestry over it, a rocking chair, and a washstand half hidden by a stenciled burlap screen. A large bureau was wedged in beside the bed and the wall; a hinged gas bracket could be moved to light the mirror, or the book of a person lying in bed. Under the window was a big trunk, covered with a steamer rug; and in this trunk were papers, silver, forks and spoons, old jewelry and odd bits of lace—all that was left to the daughter of Colonel Alexander Ingoldsby Chesebrough, and Marie Louise Page, his wife.

Sometimes the lonely occupant of this room opened the trunk, and filled her lap with daguerreotypes and old letters, with card-cases of filigree silver, and necklaces of tet and gold. She would unroll the heavy, fringed brocade that had been her mother's wedding gown, she would sigh ever the ivory glove

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.

Prize Cake Recipes

Washington's Best Submitted in Times Cake Contest. Clip Them.

MARBLED TILDEN CAKE. 1/2 pound butter. 2 cups of pulverized sugar.

4 eggs. 1 cup of milk

21/2 cups of flour. 1/2 cup of cornstarch. 2 tablespoons of cocoa, dissolved in a little hot water.

2 teaspoons of baking powder.

Vanilla to flavor. Cream butter and sugar until creamy, beat into this the eggs, one at a time, beating good and hard, then add milk, next the flour, cornstarch and baking powder, well sifted together, and vanilla; then take the dissolved cocoa and water, with part of the batter, and mix together and put into the greased pan a layer of the white batter and marble each layer with the dark batter until all the batter is used, and bake in

moderate oven one hour. The icing is made by taking the juice of one lemon with one cup of 4 X sugar, mixed well together Mrs. M. Behrman, 713 E street

If silk stockings are washed before they are worn they last much longer. Washing softens the weave and makes it more pliable, thus obviating the tendency that even good stockings have to form lad-

The Hundred Dollar Question

Edith Livingston, a demobilized warworker, making her home in Washington with Grace and Bob Elisworth, a young married couple, finds employment as secretary to Eustibo Alvarez, a Mexican oil stock promoter, in a dingy little affice on a side street in the National Capital.

He pays her much attention, gives her a \$500 gold note, after she has discovered him and a Japanese studying a map, and takes her to lunch.

She discovers her sweetheart, Willard Saunders, dining with a Spanish girl. She is jealous of the Spanish girl and her sweetheart is jealous of her employer. Edith becomes suspicious as to what is going on in the office. She is satisfied that no oil stock is being sold, but she cannot guess what her mysterious employer's real business is.

Her employer, after paying her many compliments and swearing her to the utmost secrecy as to what transpires in the office, expresses, a desire to be introduced to her sweetheart, which amazes her.

Willard swears to Edith that he is not in love with the Spanish girl and that there is no cause for jealousy. He tells Edith her employer will bear watching and asks her to spy on Alvarez. She reluctantly consents. While rummaging through her employer's desk she finds a picture of the same Spanish girl with whom she saw her sweetheart that she introduce him to her employer. Hy means of a piece of carbon paper which she secreted in the typewriter roller, Edith gets a copy of a cryptic telegram her employer's mysterious conduct, Willard him. her employer's mysterious conduct, Wil-lard knows more about it than she can tell him.

"Don't ever do that again, Edith," he said in most stentorian tones. "You almost made me wreck the car by a hair's breadth. You---

But I was hardly listening. 1-I was scared. I was not afraid of running into that other car. It already had passed. But I-I was scared to death that the couple in that other car had seen us. Willard, I knew, had been so intent on avoiding an accident that he hadn't noticed. But I-my heart had almost stopped beating when I had looked into the front of that other car—the car which my thoughtless act had caused to graze our ownand saw Mr. Alvarez, and sitting

beside him—Juanita!
I'll newer know how I lived through the rest of that ride. It didn't last so terribly much longer. Willard turned around at the nearest corner, and we started back toward home. He seemed terribly un-nerved by the accident.

"I don't see why you have to drive like a fire engine," I said, as he turned and started back down Sixteenth street at break-neck speed. "We—it isn't a case of life and death—our getting home within the next two minutes, is it?" I asked. with veiled sarcasm. "It isn't exactly a case of life and

Is Marriage a Success?

IS IT A GREAT PIECE OF WORK! To Twenty-Four: Good things to those who wait.

My dear girl, to say that you are onesome is airight, but to be desperately looking for a husband is fine for a story book, not for real

Have you ever stopped to think what advancement you would make in life if you were married? Would you feel that you had done a great

piece of work by so doing?
In your case, it is best to join a girls' club, learn to dance if you can, just enough so as you can get along at a party where there will be ornaments which we call men. I am sure you will become acquainted with some, and I am certain you will meet a man who will be congenial. He may not come up to your mark, but don't be too particular. Use your judgment.

The girls who try to be good and respectable do not always get left. Think of girls who married not for love, but for a man. How do they turn out? That is the reason there is a question "Is Marriage a Success?" I am sure you are good and respectable, as all people should be, but keep on being so whather you find a man or not. It is better to five years than to be sorry twenty-five.
NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD BROTHER.

HAS A MODEL HUSBAND. I would like to answer Mrs. F

Model husbands are decidedly not impossible. I have one. He is clean both inside and out, having been a professional and amateur athlete for the last ten years, and an ardent physical culturist now. I have never known him to lie, but many times a lie would have helped him, and he is considerate of women, elderly people, and children; in fact, he is most boys' hero. His motto is, Play the game fair, give everybody a ctean break, and as he lives up to it he is not prone MRS. H. E. H.

Hot Cross Buns

As Good Friday will soon be here will give recipe for Hot Cross Buns. These are so good that they should be served on other days as well. Dissolve two cakes of yeast and two tablespoons of sugar in two been scalded and cooled. Beat into this three cups and four tablespoons of flour, and beat until smooth. Cover and set in a warm place, free from draught, for one hour or until light. Beat to cream a half a cup of butter and two-thirds cup of sugar and add with two-thirds cup of seedless raisins and four and a half cups of flour, mixed with half a teaspoon of salt. Turn out on a floured board, kneed lightly and place in a greased bowl. Cover and let rise until double in bulk or about two hours. Turn out and shape into bues, place in a well greased pan about two inches apart, and cover and let rise again about one hour. Beat an egg with a tablespoon of water and brush over the buns. With a sharp knife cut a cross on top of each bun. Bake twenty minutes. Just before removing from the oven, brush with sugar moistened with wafer. While hot, fill cross with plain while frosting.-By A. G. Wyman, Chef.

DRESSMAKING REMODELING SUITS A. SCHAFFER,



So the Most I Could Do Was To Tell Willard I Would Do All I could To Help Him.

death," Willard answered. "But Isight of that car we just passed." seen. All of a sudden it came over me. -It did not take long for the truth to penetrate my understand-ing. Willard had seep Juanita with Alvarez. And he was trailing them.

He was so interested in that other girl that he'd risk breaking my neck to get her away from another man or even just to find out where she was going with another man. Of course, he didn't think I knew. He had thought I was so frightened that I hadn't seen who was in that

home I was getting furious. The more I thought about things the madder I got. And I'd been thinking a lot.

car. And he tried to kiss me. tomorrow night-"Oh, you will, will you?" I asked,

"I-I'm awfully sorry, Willard, but I-I can't see you tomorrow evening. I have an appointment-an engagement with fir, Alvarez."
BREAKING POINT.

running around with such a rotter. like you're leaving me, to-to-

I had reached the breaking point. I simply couldn't keep the tears back any longer. They poured. And Willard-as he said in the face of a woman's tears what can a mere man do-he sat me right down on the steps and he sat right down beside me and put an arm around

me, and said:

would only just let yourself know that I don't care about anybody but Can't you, Edy-for my sake. I know, of course, that there was coupled perhaps with the fact that was nervous to the point of hys-"Everybody stand while we sing "The Star Spangled Banner," I teased him. "Honestly, Willard-"

about that other girl-oh, Willard, I do wish this whole hor-"You will marry me, won't you.

as this thing is finished, we'll get

OBJECTS TO ALVAREZ.

as long as—with my nerves like they are. And—and besides, Wil-lard." b teased further. "it would man I wasn't going to marry right away. Because if I were engaged to you I couldn't go with Mr. Alvarez-

"You shan't go with him anyway," he burst out. "I-I won't have, it-It isn't right, Edith, to have you seen around with a man

How ridiculous, Willard! don't go around with Mr. Alvarez how am I to get all that incriminatting information -- " I simulated austere seriousness-"and how-"

YOU LIKE

A large number of persons ameless serial with avidity, and intend submitting titles, have asked the question, "How many

nounced that "there will be no rules or restrictions; everybody except employes of The Washington Times will be eligible to compete for the \$100 reward." Therefore, each person may submit as many titles as he or

serial has been printed.

\$100

This serial story has no name The Washington Times will pay \$100 in gold to the person who submits the best title. . Read the story every day in

The Washington Times and, when the last instalment has been printed, send in your suggestions for titles. The title must consist of

three words or less.

Winnie Davis Freeman

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"I suppose you're right, Edy," he answered to my disappointment. I had been happy when he said I couldn't go with Mr. 'Alvarez any more. I like a masterly man, al-though you perhaps wouldn't think it. And it had hurt my feelings that Willard was willing to let me work for Mr. Alvarez and go around with him when he thought he was all kinds of a crook. And now he was backing down. "But I it shows how terribly much I trust you. Edy." he added, "the fact that I am willing to let you go with him. "Do you-" I put the question hoping against hope that Willard would register indignant protest, "do you trust me enough, Willard, to let me go with Mr. Alvarez to-morrow night to a—a roadhouse out on the Marlboro road."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Hats Made of Haircloth

By Rita Stuvvesant.

R between seasons wear there are some decidedly smart hats fashioned of haircloth, candy cloth and satin combinations. There is a happy anticipation of spring in the new arrivals, with their dainty bits of floral trimming and colorful silks. Turbans, tams and sailor shapes run close rivalry, and it is left to individual taste to select a becoming model. An unusual hat is created from

haircloth in a cross-bar color. Jade green, with a darker stripe, is droped into a close turban, with "wings" of the material frayed at the ends. This model is also shown in rose, blue and lavender plakts. Satin tam effects are featured and extremely youthful because of their soft lines. Dark-brown satin embroidered in a tan wool motif de-

Hats of this kind are very simple to make. A shallow crown of crino-line is covered by a large circle of satin, and the front is caught to the shape by an embroidered motif. The satin is then lightly draped to

all black and flower trimmed, alcally chosen will lend charm. faille silk goes nicely with black tering, too. Long mesh veils, bor-dered at the bottom, generally ac-

When a Girl Marries A Story of EARLY WEDDED LIFE By ANN LISLE.

IRGINIA and I were finishing ther never lived—but get her riled an early breakfast when Hedgwig announced that Lyons ful!" an early breakfast when Hedgwig announced that Lyons Lyons was waiting with the car.
"Please tell him I'll be ready in afteen minutes. He's much earlier than I expected him to be," I re-

"It's just like our dear, reliable old Tony to make sure the car's ahead of schedule, so you won't have to worry for a second," commented Virginia.

· But when Lyons was driving me up to town a little later I found she'd put the wrong interpretation on the situation. Turning in the driver's seat, Lyons spoke to me,

"I made bold to drive out good and early, ma'am—seein' as how my Bertha came out to Dreamwold last night, and I kinder figgered on getting a little chance to visit with her in case you wasn't ready"
"I hope you had a nice little visit," I replied.

"No'm, can't say as how I did. She had one of her tantrums, and tantrums is rare with my Bertha. A sweeter tempered woman than

Advice to Lovelorn By Beatrice Fairfax.

LACKS MENTAL PROMPTITUDE.

DEAR MISS FARIFAX: The question that I wish to ask cannot be applied to love.

I am a young man of nineteen. From my point of view, my mind is profound in one sense, yet I cannot apply my talent in everyday life. When a question is asked I feel confident-that I can answer it, but

even so my courage fails me. I lack mental promptitude. Can you offer any suggestions that might enable me to overcome this weakness? I believe it is not mental promptitude you lack. I'll wager you are shy and bashful. The best way to overcome shynes is to mingle with people and talk to them. Ally yourself with social activities which are

The beginning will be easier if you can talk to some one of kindred in-Make your brain rule your emo tions. It can be done with a little When you feel that flush of bashfulness coming over you, keep your mind on what you are thinking about or talking about Practice will make . perfect. Supreme interest in a subject will help you

Practice in quick thinking may be obtained by taking the psychological tests made by the army. Get a set of these and try to answer correctly the questions asked in the specified time or in shorter time. Puzzles which require quick think-

PERFECTLY PROPER.

DEAR BEATRICE FAIRFAX: May I nek you for your kind ad-1. Upon securing seats at a show vice upon the following questions: or moving picture house, and havng to pass a row of persons in order to obtain your seats, is it proper for the young man to enter the row first and have the lady follow, or should the lady enter

2. When a girl is acquainted with a young man for about four months and has been going out with him. does it seem too forward or improper for the girl to call this young man up at his home and invite him to go with her to an affair to which she alone has been invited and has been asked to bring

You first question, no doubt, has puzzled many others. It is proper for the young lady to enter the row first, even though she break her neck stumbling over umbrellas or canes or various other articles which may be laid on the floor. Custom and convention say she It is perfectly proper for you to

call the young man up, tell him of the invitation, and ask him if he would like to go, and add that you would like to have him go with

For a Scratch

Scratches on dark oak furniture may be greatly improved in appearance by carefully painting the scar with iodine, using as many coats as necessary to produce the desired depth of color. When this is dry go over the whole piece of furniture with a good furniture

ful!"

"I'm sorry you irritated her, Lyons. Still, you'll, be able to make it up before long. For a day or two at least I'll be staying in town. After that my plans depend on my father's. But I imagine we'll return to Dreamwold before Mr. Norreys gets back and requires the car he's so generously loaned us."

NON-COMMITTAL.

"I didn't irritate began
Lyons. Then his tone changed to
one of respectful yet keen shrewdness. "If you stay in town, ma'am, I suppose you'd be sendin' for Hed-

wig to open the apartment?"

For a moment it was I who was irritated. It was on the tip of my tongue to reprove Lyons for imper-

"I'm not likely to open my apart-ment, Lyons," I said quietly and in a tone of dismissal that procured for me the silence I craved, Left to myself, I sank back among,

Left to myself, I sank back among the luxurious cushions of Tony's car and gave myself over to considering my problems. What I was driving to meet I couldn't know. Father Angrew's telegram had been noncommutal, but it was at least half likely that I was on the verge of a plunge into a situation which might disgrace Neal.

I wasn't mentally fit to cope with Neal's problems. His duty to himself and his rightful attitude regarding Phoebe eluded me. Of course, these weren't my problems. course, these weren't my problems. But thinking of them kept me from

dwelling too bitterly on my separa-Wever before had my need of Father Andrew been so sore as it was now, when perhaps I couldn't call on him for help. And if I found myself cut off from asking his aid and advice, to whom could

STOOPED OLD MAN.

The same ugly possibility which threatened to cut me of from Father Andrew would eliminate Neal as a confidant. Once upon a time I might have thought I could go to Lane Cosby for help. That was out of the question now. It was just twenty-five minutes

past ten when we got to the station, so, observing carefully just where Lyons parked the car. I rushed in to the bulletin board to make sure of the time when the train would arrive, as well as the gate from which the passen ers would come out. The ten-thirty-five was reported

on time and due on Track 19. It hurried across the station and found a place where I could peer down the dark tunnel beyond the gate. Presently a stream of people began pouring out. For a mo-ment or two I watched them idly. Then my attention focussed with

something like a jerk.

Up the long runway I saw Father
Andrew plodding. After a minute
he got to the gate itself and stood there, peering about expectantly.
At his side was a stooped old man. My heart began thudding like a trip-hammer. I knew-knew be yond the possibility of a merciful doubt! This must be the father I hadn't seen since I was a miserable

little half-starved child. (To Be Continued Thursday.)

Maryland Cooking

JELLIED CHICKEN.

Dress, clean and cut up a fowl, place in a stew pan with two slices of onion, cover with boiling water and cook slowly until the meat falls from the bones. When half cooked add a tablespoonful salt. Remove the chicken, reduce the stock by further boiling, until it is near two cupfuls. Strain and skim off all fat. Add one tablespoonful of gelatine soaked in four tablespoonful water. Decorate a mould with parsiey and hard-boiled eggs. Pack in the chicken meat. pour the stock over it, place in a cold place unti When served garnish with lettuce leaves and use mayonnaise dressing .-- Mrs. Samuel Tayman.

FRUIT CANDY.

Grind together in a meat grinder: I db. fine raisins 1 lb. dates, stoned carefully

1 lb. figs, cut in strips, to grind

1 lb. almonds, blanched

1 lb. walnut kernels 1 lb. cocoanut, grated

Form into balls and roll in powdered sugar. These candies keep for weeks if carefully locked up. and are healthy. They are much cheaper than the bought candies and at Christmas time the esting of these and similiar candies does no harm.—Mrs. Percy Duvall. (Copyright, 1920, by Mrs. Percy Duvall.)



SWING'S SPECIALIZED ROASTING DEVELOPS the

. Brewed Fragrance

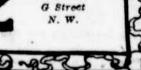
Tears in the Elephant's Eyes

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TO weep is a human weakness. Elephants are the only lower animals known to shed tears. Nature frees the eye from dust and keeps it working efficiently by tears that moisten the eye surfaces. When emotion or injury stimulates tear flow

Nature's provision for guarding and preserving the sight's perfection gives way under strain and abuse. Especially needful of assistance is the eye after the age of forty, when its natural powers derease. Essential then is the aid of well fitted, scientifically selected glasses.

Command the services of our optometrists to detect and correct sight defects-now.



1014 14th N. W. N. 2730.

"It's all right, Edy," he said. it's very important that I keep in And I couldn't to save my life tell by the tone of his voice whether Then I knew that Willard had laugh than cry any day." He was jealous! The wretch!

other car. By the time we got almost to my

"I-I hate to leave you so abruptly like this, Edy." Willard said, when he was helping me out of the pushed him aside. "I'll see you

"Alvarez!" he echoed. Then he seemed to reconsider. "Of course, I can't ask you not to go with him, Edith. It's part of our scheme, isn't it? But I do hate to see you "He isn't a rotter," I answered. I-I know he wouldn't leave me-

"Alvarez be damned!" Then he "Pardon my language, Edy. But I-I'm sick and tired of this whole wretched business. I-you don't know how it hurts me to have you believe all those things about me-things that are not so. If you

and for-for your country's sake?" no occasion for laughter. But the melodramatic sound of Willard's words, teria, chused me to laugh out loud.

was hurt or not. "Go ahead and laugh. I'd rather see you 'Now, don't be an old silly," I said, leaning over and giving him the first voluntary kiss he'd gotten from me in days. "I-when you're with me, Willard, I can feel that you love me. But when I

Edy?" he asked, mistaking the trend of my words. "Just as soon

I won't promise, Willard," I said.
"I don't want to promise anything

like Alvarez—" . "Why, how absurd" I laughed.

GO AS FAR AS

titles may I submit?" In the beginning it was an-

A hundred or more titles have already been submitted. Many

of them are wonderful, but "they don't mean anything" because the story is not yet finished. Titles should not be sent in until the last installment of the

velops a smartly conservative hat for early spring.

either side to form wings. Small hats with either sailor or turn-down brims are well liked in though a colorful facing if artistisatin and deep rose shades are flat-

company the small hats.

Candy cloth, too, is the medium chosen through which many smart hats express their beauty, and it promises to be popular in the mil-linery world during the coming

THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY THAT MEETS ALL THE TRAINS-



DEGLARED ALL TRAFFIC SUSPENDED FOR THE DAY.